WE DO JOB WORK

VOL. XIII.

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AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE,"

"I have just buried my boy, my poor handsome boy, of whom I was so proud, and my heart is broken. It is very hard, having only one son, to lose him thus; but God's will be done. Who am I that I should complaint The great wheel of fate rolls on like a Jugger-naut, and crushes us all in turn; some soon, some late, it does not matter when; in the end it crushes us all. We do not prostrate ourselves before it like the poor Indians; we fly hither and thither—we cry for mercy; but it is of no use, the blind, black fate thunders on, and in its season reduces us to

child to comfort me. I might have saved him, too—I have money enough for both of us, and much more than enough—King Solomon's mines provided me with that; but I said, 'No, let the boy earn his living; let him labor that he may enjoy rest.' But the rest has come to him before the labor. Oh,

now his soul has been required of him and I am left desolate. I would that it had been my soul and not my boy's!

"We buried him this afternoon under the shadow of the gray and ancient tower of the Clerk—Walker Peters.
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COURT OF APPEALS.
Chief Justice, W. S. Pryor, Judges Caswell Bennett; J. H. Lewis, W. H. Holt;
Reputers John Redman, Clerk Court of the cold and began to sing. And then I am afraid that I broke down, and so did Sir Henry Curtis, strong man though be is; and as for Capt, Good, I saw him turn away too; even in my own distress I could not help noticing

CHAPTER I.

THE CONSUL'S YARN. my room walking up and down and thinking, when there was a ring at the outer door. Going down the steps I opened it myself, and in came my old friends Sir Henry Curtis and Capt. John Good, R. N. They entered the vestibule and sat themselves down before the wide hearth, where I remember a particu-larly good fire of logs was burning.



The Consul's Yarn.
"It is very kind of you to come round,"

"It is very kind of you to come round," I said, by way of making a remark; "it must have been heavy walking in the snow."

They said nothing, but Sir Henry slowly filled his pipe and lit it with a burning ember. As he leaned forward to do so the fire got hold of a gassy bit of pine and flared up brightly, throwing the whole scene into strong relief, and I thought what a splendid looking man he is. Calm, powerful face, clear cut features, large gray eyes, yellow beard and hair—altogether a magnificent specimen of the higher type of humanity. Nor did his form belie his face. I have never seen wider shoulders or a deeper chest. Indeed, Sir Henry's girth is so great that, though he is six foot two high, he does not strike one as a tall man. As I looked at him I could not help thinking what a curious contrast my little dried up self presented to his grand face and form. Imagine to yourself a small, withered, yellow faced man of 63, with thin hands, large brown eyes, a head of grizzled hair cut short and standing up like a half worn scrubbing brush—total weight in my clothes, nine stone six—and you will get a very fair idea of Allan Quatermain, commonly called Hunter Quatermain, or by the natives "Macumazahn"—anglice, he who keeps a bright lookout at night, or, in vulgar English, a sharp fellow who is not to be taken in.

Then there was Good, who is not like either of us, being short, dark, stout—very stout—with twinkling black eyes, in one of which

with twinkling black eyes, in one of which an eye glass is everlistingly fixed. I say stout, but it is a mild term; I regret to state that of late years Good has been running to stomach in a most disgraceful way. Sir Henry tells him that it comes from idleness and overfeeding, and Good does not like it at all, though he cannot deny it.

They sat and smoked and drank whisky and water, and I stood by the fire also smoking and looking as them.

ask!"
"I ask because I think that I have had a

or shooting pheasants and partrages, and want to have a go at some large game again. There, you know the feeling—when one has once tosted brandy and water, milk becomes insipid to the palate. That year we spent together up in Kukuanaland seems to me worth all the other years of my life put together. I dare say that I am a foof for my

what is your reason for wanting to trekhave you got one?"
"I have," said Good, solemnly. "I never do anything without a reason; and it isn't a

I'd rather not speak of a delicate and strictly personal matter, "I'il tell you; I'm getting too fat."

"Shut up, Good!" said Sir Henry, "And now, Quatermain, tell us, where do you pro pose going to?"

I lit my pipe, which had gone out, before

"Don't know the place," said Good.
"Did you ever hear of the Island of Lamus"

make our way about 250 miles inland to Mt. Kenia; from Mt. Kenia on inland to Mt. Lekakisera, another 200 miles, or thereabouts, beyond which no white man has, to the best so far, right on into the unknown interior What do you say to that, my hearties?"

Kenia and the other place with an unpro-nounceable name, and look for a white race that does not exist. It's all one to me."

British India steamboat; and don't you be so certain that things don't exist because you do not happen to have heard of them. Remem-

came to the conclusion that our best starting point for Mount Kenia would be from the

marched boldly up to the house of her majesty's consul, where we were most hos

majesty's consul, where we were most hospitably received.

"Well, where are you gentlemen steering for!" asked our friend, the hospitable consul, as we smoked our pipes after dinner.

"We propose to go to Mt. Kenia, and then on to Mt. Leakisera," answered Sir Henry.

"Quatermain has got hold of some yarn about there being a white race up in the unknown territories beyond."

zie, the Scotch missionary, whose station 'The Highlands,' is placed at the highest nav igable point of the Tana river, in which said something about it."

set it about that he was a devil, and the peo-ple drove him away, and he journeyed for eight months and reached Mackenzie's place as I heard, dying. That's all I know; and if you ask me, I believe that it is a lie; but it you want to find out more about it you had better go up the Tana to Mackenzie's place and ask him for information."

Bir Henry and I looked at each other-Here was nomething tangible.

"I think: that we will go to Mr. Macken-sie's." I said.

"Well," answered the consul, "that is your best way; but I warn you that you are likely to have a rough journey, for I hear that the Massi are about, and, as you know, they are not pleasant customers. Your best plan will be to choose a few picked men for personal servants and hunters, and to hire bearers from village to village. It will give you an infinity of trouble, but perhaps on the whole it will prove a cheaper and more advantageous course than ergaging a caravan, and you will be less liable to desertion."

Fortunately there were at Lanu at this

will be less liable to desertion."

Fortunately there were at Lamu at this time a party of Wakwafi Askari (soldiers), The Wakwafi, who are a cross between the Masai and the Wataveta, are a fine manly race, possessing many of the good qualities of of the Zulu and a greater capacity for civilization. They are also great hunters. As it happened, these particular men had recently been a long trip with an Englishman named Jutson, who had started from Mombasa, a port about 150 miles below Lamu, and journeyed right round Külmanjairo, one of the highest known mountains in Africa. Poor

fellow, he had died of fever when on his return journey, and within a day's march of Mombasa. It does seem hard that he should have gone off thus when within a few hours shall befall thee, that I know not. Once below the should be shoul of safety, and after having survived so many perils, but so it was. His hunters buried him, and then came on to Lamu in a dhow. Our friend the consul suggested to us that we had better try and hire these men, and accordingly on the following morning we started to interview the party, accompanied by an in-

In due course we found them in a mud nut on the outskirts of the town. Three of the men were sitting outside the hut, and fine, frank looking fellows they were, having a more or less civilized appearance. To them we cautiously opened the object of our visit, at first with very scant success. They declared that they could not entertain any such idea, that they were worn and weary with long that they were worn and weary with long traveling, and that their hearts were sore at the loss of their master. They meant to go back to their homes and rest awhile. This did not sound very promising, so by way of effecting a diversion I asked where the remainder of them were. I was told there were six, and I saw but three. One of the men said that they slept in the hut, and were yet resting after their labors—"sleep weighed down their eyelids, and sorrow made their hearts as lead; it was best to sleep, for with sleep came forgetfulness. But the men should be awakened."

Presently they came out of the but, yawning—the first two men being evidently of the same race and style as those already before us; but

hand placed before his face to hide a yawn, so I could only see that he was a "Keshla," or ringed man, and that he had a great three cornered hole in his forehead. In another second he removed his hand, revealing a powerful looking Zulu face, with a humorous mouth, a short woolly beard tinged with gray, and a pair of brown eyes keen as a hard." I have the removed the corner to be a large to the contract of the

The tail man (who among his own people was commonly known as the "Woodpecker and also as the "Slaughterer") started, and almost let the long handled battleax be held in his hand fall in his astonishment. Next second he had recognized me, and was saluting me in an outburst of sonorous language which made his companions the Wakwafi

What do you say to that, my hearties?"

"It is a big order," said Sir Henry reflectively.

"You are right," I answered, "it is, but I take it that we are all three of us in search of a big order. We want a change of scene, and we are likely to get one—a thorough change.

All my life I have longed to visit those parts, and I mean to do it before I die. My poor boy's death has broken the last link between me and civilization, and I'm off to my native wilds. And now I'll tell you another thing, and that is, that for years and years I have heard runners of a great white race which is supposed to have its home somewhere up in this direction, and I have a mind to see if there is any truth in them. If you fellows like to come, well and good; if not, I'll go alone."

"Tim your man, though I don't believe in your white race, said Sir Henry Curtis, row man, though I don't believe in your white race, said Sir Henry Curtis, rising and placing his arm upon my shoulder.

"Ditto," remarked Good; "I'll go intotraining at once. By all means let's ge to Mt.

as this Zulu system of extravagant praising—
"bongering," as they call it. "Silence!" I
said. "Has all thy noisy talk been stopped
since last I saw thee that it breaks out thus, and sweeps us away? What doest thou here with these men—thou whom I left a chief in Zululand? How is it that thou art far from thine own place, and gathered together with

of his long battleax (which was nothing else but a pole ax with a beautiful handle of rhigoes to Lamu—oh, ze beautiful place!" and he turned up his fat face and beamed with mild rapture. "One year and a half I live there and never change my shirt—never at all."

And so it came to pass that on arriving at the face and leaves the face and beamed with mild rapture. "One year and a half I live there are the face and beamed with mild rapture. "One year and a half I live the dath, and covered my name with shame—ay, my own wife, a round faced girl, betrayed me; but I escaped from death; ay, I broke from the very inner to blow with this mine ax Inkosikass—surely my Father. the island we disembarked with all our goods and chattels, and not knowing where to go, marched boldly up to the house of her dead. And then I fled, and, as my Father majesty's consul, where we were most hosas the feet of the Sassaby, and there breathes not the man who, by running, can touch me again when once I have bounded from his ide. On I sped, and after me came the messengers of death, and their voice was as the voice of dogs that bunt. From my own kranl I flew, and, as I passed, she who had betrayed I flew, and, as I passed, she who had betrayed me was drawing water from the spring. I fleeted by her like the shadow of death, and as I went I smote with mine ax, and lot her head fell; it fell into the water pan. Then I fled north. Day after day I journeyed on; for three moons I journeyed, resting not, stopping not, but running on toward forgetful-ness, til I met the party of the white hunter who is now dead, and am come hither with his servants. And naught have I brought with me. I who was high born ay of the with me. I who was high born, ay, of the blood of Chaka the great king—a chief, and a captain of the regiment of the Nkomabakosi—am a wanderer in strange places, a man without a kraal. Naught have I brought without a krail. Naught have I brought save this mine ax; of all my belongings this remains alone. They have divided my cattle, they have taken my wives, and my children know my face no more. Yet with this ax—and he swung the formidable weapon round his head, making the air hiss as he clove it—"will I cut another path to fortune. I have stoken."

thee for a great warrior and a brave man faithful to the death. Even in Zululand Hear me now. Thou seest this great man, my friend"—and I pointed to Sir Henry; "he also is a warrior as great as thou and strong as thou art; he could throw thee over his shoul-der. Incubu is his name. And thou see't this one also; him with the round stomach, the shining eye and the pleasant face. Boug-wan" (glass eye) "is his name, and a good man is he, and a true being of a curious tribe who

I grow old, and I have not fought enough And yet am I a warrier among warriors; see my scars"—and he pointed to countless cica-trices, stabs and cuts that marked the skin of his chest and legs and arms. "See the hole in my head; the brains gushed out therefrom, yet did I slay him who smote, and live. Knowest thou how many men I have slain, in fair hand to hand combat, Macumazahn?

race and style as those already before us; but
the appearance of the third and last nearly
made me jump out of my skin. He was a very
tall, broad man, quite six foot three, I should
say, but gaunt, with lean, wiry looking limbs.
My first glance at him told me that he was
no Wakwafi—he was a pure bred Zulu. He
came out with his thin, aristocratic looking
hand placed before his face to hide a yawn, hawks. I knew my man at once, although I had not seen him for twelve years. "How do you do, Umslopogaasi" I said, quietly, m Zulu.

> to long rows of notches cut in the rhin born handle of his ax. "Number them, Macu

asped the man.
"White man!" went on Umslopogaas, in sim speakest thou, insolent dog?"
"Nay, we will go with the great chief."

he suddenly released his hold, so that the man fell backward. "I thought you would."
"That man Unislopogaas seems to have a curious moral ascendency over his compan ions," Good afterwards remarked, thought-

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is an unfailing cure for all diseases originating in biliary derangements caused by the malaria of mismatic countries. No other medicine now on sale will so eifectually remove the disturbing ele-ments, and at the same time tone up the whole system. It is sure and safe ASTONISHING SUCCESS.

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The Grandest Queen. Useful and Hurtful Medicines.

tism, kidney and bladder inactivity. and other inorganic ailments. sept

ee, here is the tale of them"—and he printed

with a Jewish dealer in mummies, was and eternal dampation. admitted to his storehouse, where he saw piles of bodies He asked what kind of bodies were used and how they were prepared. The Jew informed that he took such bodies he could get, whethcontagion. He embalmed them with flithiness. But even this revelation and the compression of the lids ceased did not suffice to put mummy physic Now, it occurred to me one night

aloes and other fragrant things."

rospect. Imagine dining off the honeyed essence of a baby Pharaob!

A Little Astronomy.

[New Era.]
The beautiful queen of the stellar universe, Venus, which has been the crown jewel of our evening skies, will place in the glowing west, and while alled and hypnotic community, and not so splendid as the departing prin- lumbering a few things of its own in cess still none other of the starry hosts the teeth of the nation. It goes forth can match glorious honors with him. as the But in two months he'll be gone, and the King of Day must go down each evening unattended save by fixed stars and leaving a trail sometimes of zodi- Hand Press. acal splendor.

month is the harvest moon. It can always be known as that moon which fulls in September nearest the equinox. Its peculiarity is that it skirts along printer. the horizon rising about the same time for several evenings. The moon fulls again Oct. 1st, even nearer the equinox of typos, daily. than its September rival, hence this year we will have two harvest moons grab for. The peculiar effect of the barvest moon on evening strolls and sweet wooing own stories, writes its own poetry, its has long been a subject of song and sen- own outside and inside, and gives sa timent, and it is at this season that isfaction all along the line. most of the late Fail and Winter mar-

nis, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the German Survey cannot be too.

When you want to get your grandes idea of a Queen, you do not think Catherine, of Russia, or of Anne, of England, or Marie Theresa, of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a Queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but althe bowels. Their effect is to weaken ways together—soothing your petty accepted the position of assistant clark both them and the stomach. Better griefs, correcting your childish way- in the Register's office at Frankfut, els. Oo the contrary, it invigorates And then at last, on that day when lated upon the selection of his assistant. those organs, the stomach and the entire system. As a means of curing you saw her take those thin bands, and he would not have found a letter and preventing malarial fevers, no with which she toiled for you so long, man, or one who could have dischargmedicine can compare with it, and it remedies nervous debility, rheuma- prayer that commended you to the fully or setisfactorily than Mr. Harris, God whom she had taught you to trust -O, she was the queen! The chariots Babies

That are fretful, peevish, cross, or troubled with Windy Colic, Teething Pains, or Blomach Disorders, can be relieved at once by using Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no Opium or Morphine, hence is safe. Price 25 cents. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin Bro.

How the was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and springs located eighty miles northwest of Louisville on the "Monon Route". The cures effected by using these ware cases of Scrofuls, Bright's Disease or Rheums foundation of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more goundation. Isometry to the chariots of God came down to fetch her; and springs located eighty miles northwest of Louisville on the "Monon Route". The cures effected by using these warters, even in the most severe cases of Scrofuls, Bright's Disease or Rheums tism, are immediate and lasting. For analysis, illustrated pamphiets &c. On her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenderly as she used to

before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how Among . the standard medicines insignificant seems all this work of votquoted in the medical books of Nu- ing for Aldermen and Common Counremberg of 300 years ago are "portions cilmen, and Sheriffs, and Constables, of the embalmed bodies of man's flesh, and Mayors, and Presidents. To make brought from the neighborhood of one such grand woman as I have de-Memphis, where there are many bodies scribed how many thousands would that have been luried for more than you want of those people who go in the 1,000 years, called Mumis, which have round of godieseness, and been embalmed with costly salves and

FASHION, AND DISSIPATION, balsams, and smell strongly of myrrb. distorting their body until in their monstrosities they seem to outdo the The learned doctors of France, Ger- dromedary and hippopotamus! Going many and Italy all made great use of as far toward disgraceful apparel as this eccentric drug, and in the seven- they dare go, so as not to be arrested teenth century grievous complaints of the police-their behavior a sorrow arose of its adulteration. M. Poinet, to the good and a caricature of the vichief anothecary to the French King, clous, and an insult to that God who records that the king's physician went made them women and not gorgons to Alexandria to judge for himself on and tramping on, down through a friv this matter, and, having made friends clous and dissipated life, to temporal

An Easy Cure for Sleeplessness.

[Chambers' fournal.]

I had frequently noticed that when engaged in deep thought, particularly at night, there seemed to be something like compression of the eyelids, the uper they died of some disease or of some per one especially, and the eyes themselves were apparently turned upwards, thesweeping of various old drugs, myrrh, as if looking in that direction. This aloes, pitch and gume; would them invariably occurred; and the moment about with a cere cloth, and then dried that, by an effort, I arrested the course them in oven, after which he sent them of thought and freed the mind from to Europe, and marvelled to see that the subject with which it was engaged the Christiaus were lovers of such the eyes resumed their natural position

out of fashlon, and we know that Fran that I would not allow the eyes to turn cis I. of France always carried with upwards, but kept them determined y him a well-filled medicine chest, of in the opposite position, as if looking which this was the principal ingredi- down; and having done so for a short time, I found that the mind did no A traveler also records how one of revert to the thoughts with which it his friends found in one of the tombs at had been occupied, and I soon fe Ghizen a jar carefully sealed, which he asleep. I tried the plan again with the opened and found to contain such excellent honey that he could not resist two years, I can truly say that, unless sating a good deal of it, and was only when something specially annoying or checked in his feast by drawing out a worrying occurred, I have always been hair, whereupon he investigated furth- able to go to sleep very shortly after reer and found the body of an ancient tiring to rest. There may occasionall. Egyptian baby in good condition and be some difficulty in keeping the eyes adorned with jewels. He does not rec- in the position described, but a deterord how he enjoyed that meal in retquired, and I am certain that if key t in the down looking position, it will be found that composure and sleep will be the result.

A Great Paper.

This week the Plaindealer goes forth,

Only original paper on earth. Only paper on earth that runs 2,000 papers weekly through a Washington

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eeman printer.

Only paper on earth that can witness a fight between the above combination Only paper on earth that its enemies

Only paper on earth that writes its

"How do you like your type-writer?" nquired the agent.

incredibly short time pounded out this: "after Using three automatig Backaction atype writ,er for thre emonths \$ and Over: i udhesitattinggly pronounce it propo nee it to be al ad even more than th e Manufacture claim for it. During the time been in our possessio n c. i, th ree monthz! id has more th an than p id for itself in the Saving of time and labrr"?

"Thanks, said the agent, dubiously

Mr. N. J. Harris, of this place, has wardness, joining in your infantile and immediately after the inauguration sports, listening to your evening pray- entered upon the discharge of the duers, toiling for you with needle or at ties of his office. The position will pay the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights him about twelve hundred doltars pe wrapping you up snug and warm, year. Mr. Corbett is to be congratu-

French Lick and West Baten

your name, as tenderly as she used to Pains in the small of the back indicate a diseased condition of the Liver
or Kidneys, which may be eastly retnoved by the use of Dr. J. H MeI.ean's Liver and Kidney Balm. \$1 00

Mother!" Ab! she was the queen—
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like that would have to travel down Child Birth Easy!

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By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

INTRODUCTION. "DECEMBER 23.

powder.

"Poor Harry to go so soon! just when his life was opening to him. He was doing so well at the hospital; ho had passed his last examination with honors, and I was proud of them; much prouder than he was, I think. And then he must needs go to that smallpox hospital. He hospital. He wrote to me that he was not afraid of smallpox, and wanted to gain the experience, and now the disease has killed him; and I, old and gray and withered, am left to mourn over him, without a chick or child to comfort me. I might have saved

my boy, my boy:
"I am like the man in the Bible who laid up much goods and builded barns—goods for my boy, and barns for him to store them in; and

church of this village where my house is. It was a dreary December afternoon, and the falling. The coffin was put down by the grave, and a few big flakes lit upon it. They looked very white upon the black cloth. There was a little hitch about getting the coffin down into the grave—the necessary ropes had been forgotten; so we drew back from it and waited in silence, watching the big flakes fall gently one by one like heavenly

Weil Bennett; J. H. Lewis, W. H. Holt; Reporter, John Redman; Clerk Court of Appeals, Thomas J. Henry; Deputy Clerk, Sam. M. Games; Deputy Clerk Superior Court, Thomas G. Poore; Sergeant, G. A. Robertson; Tipstaff, James McCauliff, SUPERIOR COURT.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Reporter, John Redman; Clerk Court of The above, signed "Allan Quatermain," is an extract from my diarry written two years and more ago. I copy it down here because it seems to me that it is the fittest beginning to the history that I am about to write, if it please God to spare me to fluish it. If not, well, it does not matter.

A week has passed since the funeral of my

ing and looking at them.

At last I spoke. "Old friends," I said, "how long is it since we got back from Kukuana-land?"

"How very odd!" he said; "eh, Good!"
Good beamed at me mysteriously through
his eye glass, and murmured, "Yes, odd—

about, he talks about so many things.
"Well, it was about a little plan that I have "Well, it was about a little plan that I have formed—namely, that if you were agreeable we should pack up our traps and go off to Africa on another expedition." I fairly jumped at his words. "You don't "Yes I do, though, and so does Good; don't

you, Good?"
"Rather," said that gentleman.
"Listen, old fellow," went on Sir Henry, with considerable animation of manner. "I'm tired of it too, dead tired of doing nothing. except play the squire in accountry that is sick of squires. For a year or more I have been getting as restiess as an old elephant who scents danger. I am always dreaming of Kukuanaland and gagool and King Solomon's mines. I assure you I have become the victim of an almost unaccountable craving. I amsick of shooting pheasants and partridges, and

pains, but I can't help it; I long to go, and, what is more, I mean to go."

"Ah," I said, "I thought you would come to that sooner or later. And now, Good,

lady--nt least, if it is, it's several."

I looked at him again; Good is so overpoweringly frivolous. "What is it!" I said.

"Well, if you really want to know, though

"Have you people ever heard of Mt. Kenia?" I asked.

I asked again.

"No. Stop, though—isn't it a place about 300 miles north of Zanzibar?"

"Yes. Now listen. What I have to propose is this: That we go to Lamu, and thence

the date of this conversation, and this his-tory goes on its way in very different surneighborhood of the mouth of the Tana river, and not from Mombasa, a place over 100 miles nearer Zanzibar. This conclusion we and not from Mombasa, a place over 100
miles nearer Zanzibar. This conclusion we
arrived at from information given to us by a
German trader whom we met upon the
steamer at Aden. I think that he was the
dirtiest German I ever knew; but he was a
good fellow, and gave us a great deal of valgood fellow gave us a great deal of val-

there being a white race up in the unknown territories beyond."
The consul looked interested, and answered that he had heard something of that too. "What have you heard?" I asked. "Oh, not much. All I know about it is that

said something about it."

"Have you the letter!" I asked.

"No, I destroyed it; but I remember that he said that a man had arrived at his station who declared that two months' journey beyond Mt. Lekakisera, which no white man has yet visited—at least, sofar as I know—he found a lake called Laga, and that then he went off to the northeast, a month's journey, over desert and thorn veidt and great went of to the northeast, a month's journey, over desert and thorn veidt and greatmountains, till he came to a country where the people are white and live in stone houses. Here he was hospitably entertained for a while, till at last the priests of the country set it about that he was a devil, and the people are while, the country set it about that he was a devil, and the people was a devil, and the people are well as the country set it about that he was a devil, and the people was a devil and the peopl

tie's," I said.
"Well." answered the consul, "that is you.

spoken."
I shook my head at him. "Umslopogaas,"
I said, "I know thee from of old. Ever ambi-I said, "I know thee from of old. Ever ambitious, ever plotting to be great, I fear me that thou hast overreached thyself at last. Years ago, when thou wouldst have plotted against Cetywayo, son of Panda, I warned thee, and thou didst listen. But now, when I was not by thee to stay thy hand, thou hast dug a pit for thine own feet to fall in. Is it not so! But what is done is done. Who can make the dead tree green or gage upon last year's the dead tree green or gaze upon last year's sun? Who can recall the spoken word or bring back the spirit of the fallen? That which Time swallows comes not up again.

shall befall thee, that I know not. Once before we three journeyed thus in search of adventure, and we took with us a man such as
thou—one Umbopa; and, behold, we left him
the king of a great country, with twenty
Impis" (regiments), "each of three thousand
plumed warriors, waiting on his word. How
it shall go with thee I know not; mayhap
death awaits thee and us. Wilt thou throw
thyself to Fortune and come, or fearest thou,
Umslonogans?"

thyself to Fortune and come, or fearest thou, Umslopogans?"

The great man smiled. "Thou art not altogether right, Macumazahn," he said; "I have plotted in my time, but it was not ambition that led me to my fall, but, shame on me that I should have to say it, a fair woman's face. Let it pass. So we are going to see something like the old times again, Macumazahn, when we fought and hunted in Zululand? Ay, I will come. Come life, come death, what care I, so that the blows fall fast and the blood runs red! I grow old, I grow old, and I have not fought enough!

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